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PHOENIX



# PHOENIX

2002

The College of New Rochelle  
New Rochelle, New York



## Editorial Words

Once again, the *Phoenix* has resurrected, echoing the past and illuminating the future. It has been a pleasure for us to take part in this legacy that continues to celebrate the literary and artistic talents of the women at The College of New Rochelle. Hard work, many long hours, and the fire that burns from within were the elements put into this publication. We are pleased to present this edition to our advisor, the writers and artists, friends and family of *Phoenix*, and the College community. Take flight and ignite your senses.

**Barbara Crespo**

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## [I am Pandora's sister]

I am Pandora's sister,  
a curious and pathetic example of lurid  
lust for what I cannot obtain.  
Do not enrage me now,  
for I am  
coincidentally,  
a very unreasonable soul.  
Perhaps you'll receive me when I am instinctively indecisive.  
And though I am not a man  
I do "live a life of quiet desperation."  
Bound to the incessant  
demands of the living.  
I march in tune to the parade,  
revealing from beneath my  
Mask,  
Madness and  
animosity.  
An asparagus shoot  
rising up among the fallen angels  
of the world.

Paula Hughes

## [Silent Motion creates]

Silent Motion creates a  
constant flow of dust,  
clouds the air-and She sits  
Rocking -to the void-  
slowly it builds,  
tapping-talking-singing-screaming  
in ever constant unrelenting  
waves-She, tired,  
rejects change.  
Edges, jagged present themselves,  
still chaos-sits and waits-  
-patience is a virtue-  
escape from Her,  
but still the Motion drowns.

Faith Racette



## In This Space

In this space that we rent  
We go against the Landlord's wishes  
For a time

Keep the place dirty  
Late with the payments  
Bring in strangers  
Come in late at night  
Bring in lovers  
Turn out the lights  
Play loud music  
Rock 'n Roll  
Complain

Laws  
Make holes in the walls  
Bombs  
Drop heavy things on the floor  
Don't know our neighbors  
Don't say hello

War  
Lock our doors  
Don't help Mrs. Smith with her groceries  
Nursing Homes

If the elevator is slow  
Take the stairs  
Time is money  
Glare at the one who was in it  
Mumbling obscenities under your breath

Move big furniture in and out  
And whenever we feel like it  
Throw out big bags of garbage  
Forget to recycle

Earth  
Jam the front door key  
Push in  
Yank the key out  
Pick up the mail  
Take the paper from the lobby  
And the shopping center circular  
Special  
Drop the mail on the nearest table

While disrobing leaving some articles of  
The ensemble behind

Black underwear

Run the bath

Dip in, Ease out

Wrapped in silk, maybe cotton or nothing

Uncover, discover the bed

Alarm goes off

Fall out shelter

We wake up

In this space that we rent

We live against the Landlord's rules

Only for a time

**Barbara Crespo**



***Inhabitants***  
**Alana Ruptak**



## Curiosity

A clearing appears before my weary eyes as  
The nubile fairies prepare their mischievous tricks  
Fires burn and flowers bloom  
All remains status quo.  
The gnarled withered hand appears  
Marring the scene of wonder  
Making tempting offers to futures to tell  
The cost is only the proper gold  
Flip of the cards, all is revealed before the eye.  
The fires extinguish-all is gone.  
Its face shrouded in remnants of mystery.  
I too disappear  
The card remains-but is it untouched?

Richelle Fiore

## Knocking

I sit alone in the corner  
No one is here to comfort me  
Something begins to drip on the cold hard floor  
My head between my knees  
My arms around myself  
A knock on the door  
I ignore it  
Drip... Drip  
Knock... Knock  
Noise fills my ears  
As the knocking becomes louder  
It turns into banging  
Won't someone help me  
I need to be alone  
I need to let it out  
My heart begins to pound  
The knocking won't stop  
My body is filled with pain  
It's driving me insane  
The door opens  
Cold air rushes in  
My world turns black  
As the cold surrounds me  
My pain begins to nullify  
The cold overtakes me  
Death was at my door...

Zahra Huber

## Damask Rose

The ancient dusty city of Damascus gave birth to me  
Majesty can be seen in my double-blossomed form  
Lovers are lured to my fragrant beauty  
The ill seek to sup my healing juices,  
And so I give as I am given

Once upon a time even Jesus passed me by,  
And blessed my grace, that He gave  
He then said to the world, "I am the Rose of Sharon"

No rival exists to the royal of Rosa Damascena  
Ever changing silk are my robes,  
From deepest pink to sunbathed white  
A winding stair is my stalk, leading to my secrets  
My loyal armed subjects are the bees,  
They are not lazy, daily tending to me  
Those who desire me must beware,  
My perfumed beauty is dangerous to those without mortal care  
Those who seek the divine must be humble and not foolish  
The foolish perish with despair, finding nothing where they  
seek everything

Eternity is symbolized in my resurrecting blooms  
I can still remember when a woman passed me,  
On her way to the empty tomb

**Satasha Williams**

## The Maze

My life is like maze  
You get in and you can't find your way out  
It's a puzzle with a missing piece, how confusing  
You search and search for that missing piece  
Turn the place inside out, looking  
Then get frustrated when the piece can't be found  
What's worse is when you find a puzzle piece  
But it never fits the puzzle you want to complete

**Kerry-Ann Whilby**



# Queen without a Crown

She's a Queen without a crown  
A whisper, though you can't hear the sound  
A voice that does not travel far  
A footstep  
A door ajar  
A star, faintly twinkling in the sky  
Barely catches anyone's eye  
Yet there's something about her that means so much more  
A Queen  
Not rich, but poor  
A Queen  
A footstep leading to the door ajar  
Shining like a star  
A Queen  
With no home, no job, no car  
A Queen  
Still surviving, still keeping strong  
A Queen is what you are  
You're a queen  
You're a Queen without a crown  
So stand up  
Be proud of who you are  
Let them see your pains, the blood, the scars  
Be brave Queen  
Have courage so that they may see your glow  
Shine Queen Shine  
They always see your head hanging low  
They don't know  
They don't know  
You're a Queen  
You're a Queen  
Not a clown  
You're a Queen  
You're a Queen  
You're a Queen without a crown

Alisha Mills

# On a Long Island Highway

I remember you and me  
And because it was  
    Forbidden  
It was worth it.  
Love fell into another Realm,  
    Becoming Tasteful  
Scorching my body with passions  
Never before burned  
Into the depth of me,  
Where lust flutters flames  
And love burns of desires  
    For you,  
An inferno within causes  
Constant heat  
Around my whole aura  
    Of wanting you  
Embers of your touch  
Constantly, steadily, willingly  
With no guilt or remorse  
    I remember you and me,

You burn your bridges behind you,

And now my heart is scattered  
    Somewhere  
ON A LONG ISLAND HIGHWAY  
    Skid marks  
    Remain on my soul  
    Burned into me  
    Like the imprint  
    Of your  
Fingertips, mouth, hands, sex, body,  
Tattooed forever  
    On the flesh  
Invisible to everyone  
    But you, but me.

Remember us?  
Or am I now just the  
    TRASH  
You see in passing, in your car



On the side of the road  
Scattered somewhere  
ON A LONG ISLAND HIGHWAY  
I was always  
The girl  
From the wrong side of  
The tracks  
To you  
Wasn't I-  
DIRTY LITTLE WHORE.

The snow is all gone now  
All that is left  
Solid frozen ice---me  
That stops you  
In your tracks  
Scattered somewhere  
ON A LONG ISLAND HIGHWAY.  
It will melt  
When you  
Give your reason for walking away  
With no word  
Until then, I will forever be  
The shadow  
That follows you  
In your  
Mind-thoughts, BODY.

It is  
All the poetry I ever wrote for you  
That echos  
Beneath the wheels  
Of your car  
Somewhere  
On a Long Island highway.

**Diana Creaturo**

## Formally Introduced

You speak the lyrics that often hide you  
But tough lives have led to internal urges  
Pointing you towards paths that reveal truths  
Unwanted truths that strip you naked  
Proving that all you present is a lie  
Have we even been formally introduced?  
I am your audience, and you a silhouette  
Only traces of the real you are seen  
And I am left to fill in your blanks  
I see smiles that have never made it to the surface  
I hear stories that have never been told  
I sense your fear of fanatic people like myself  
I smell the perspiration of sleepless nights  
I relate to your presented facade all too well

Erica D. Pitts

## Chicago

This voice resembles streets of Chicago  
Poetry finds abandonment  
The pages crumbled through enhancement  
Empty journal serves as a monument  
This is acoustic  
Rambles of a confession

I am a confession  
A back beat of Chicago  
A string on acoustic  
A finding through abandonment  
Stacks of written verse piled high in monument  
Truth as enhancement

This is an enhancement  
She is always a confession  
Something that is not as a monument  
Something that serves abandonment  
Through searching empty locks and pocket full of keys- this is  
the real acoustic

The guitar of string breaking acoustic  
The sound bouncing off walls in true enhancement

The silk sheets finding abandonment  
The notebook inkless confessions  
Her voice searching in endless streets of Chicago  
The stillness a monument

An endless monument  
Serves as purpose for acoustic  
The real spoken word of Chicago  
The sun coming up over Greenwich Village in enhancement  
The shore in confession  
Surrounded by her abandonment

I am always searching to find her abandonment  
The true conscious state as a monument  
The binding laws of confession  
Running up this back bone in acoustic  
So loud you have to listen quietly for the enhancement  
For this is her Chicago  
Her, my abandonment is always acoustic  
A monument in vicious enhancement  
This is my confession to find my true Chicago.

**Diana Wilkins**

## Just Before

Warm, Quiet, Mellow, Soothing

As the sun slowly fades away

Beautiful colors of

Orange and purple and blue and yellow

Illuminate

The Sky

Until the moment is gone

I am Dawn.

**Dawn Bridges**



## My Way

I wish  
peace  
love  
joy  
I whisper  
love  
kindness  
happiness  
I worship  
peace  
togetherness  
balance  
I witness  
war  
hate  
crime  
I want  
change  
equality  
the world...  
my way

Debra Hedrick

## Courage Under Fire

Unchanged and unmoved  
In times of despair  
Unchanged and unmoved  
Even when things seem unfair  
Darkness lingers from up above  
Vile individuals try to blind my vision  
Hoping that I'll be deterred from my mission  
Faced with hard times, I long to see a dove  
Hoping for some healing from this chaos and confusion  
I look towards the hills because they will maintain me  
Although you are hoping that I will not last  
I look for a solution that can come to me fast  
I find my inner strength, because I know it will sustain me  
Unchanged and Unmoved, I will remain steadfast

Nadine Alvarez

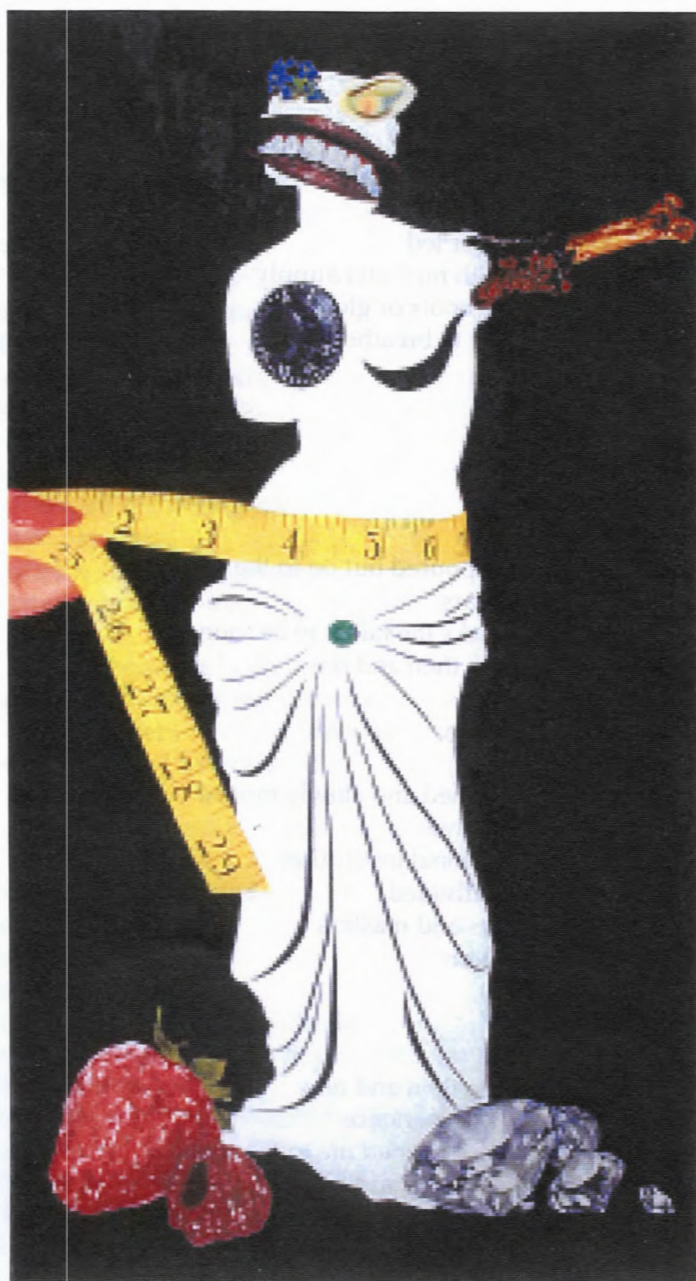
# The Difference

The difference between then and now  
is the flow of creative energy  
that seems to emanate from me  
but mellowly  
as if I were a slow stream  
with new water refreshing me  
coolly  
as nature as its own poetry  
I think  
I write  
I speak  
I urge toward the fading ink  
or to the pages end  
without the surge of inspiration  
that rapidly prompts me  
usually  
that has not found me lately  
as I peruse through my mind's vocabulary  
The difference between then and now  
is the knowledge I have gained  
that has kept the calm maintained  
in a place where chaos previously reigned  
and now has resigned  
to the storage of my mind  
I hope  
I wish  
I pray  
conviction too readily felt for today  
today rather culminates the lack of emotion  
instead of the days  
I thought more with my heart than my head  
I urge more toward the fading ink  
for the pages end  
has led me to the next  
and what goodness there be of end  
if new beginning is accessible  
to not begin but continue  
The difference between then and now  
is that before I began  
too foolish to take a stand  
against the majority  
of the small society

I wanted to accept me  
following the path without looking down  
but rather at the back of heads  
as some unknown leader led  
me through deserts with no water supply  
through snow with no boots or gloves  
underwater with no air to breathe  
I cry  
I hurt  
I die  
forces known then to me  
as the ideal of creativity  
as the divine inspiration  
were only the feelings poured out on to the pages  
emotions diluted by tears  
unrecognized talent lacks the talent to be found  
The difference between then and now  
is a matter of days  
of minutes quickly stolen  
of hours poorly spent  
of seconds closely watched and slowly moved  
on days I was held captive  
as a slave of the educational institution  
of weeks strategically divided  
to benefit the overseers and masters  
of the political plantation  
I live  
I know  
I learn  
The difference between then and now  
is before I was open to experience  
and now experience has opened me to the world  
The difference between then and now  
is that then will always be then  
and now  
will only be now  
in the now  
that is now then  
and the now  
that is then  
now

Jessica Elexis Hamilton





*Untitled (Venus)*  
Katrina Rhein

# Opposites Attract

Opposites attract,  
naw retract  
that's why we shoulda  
took a step back  
and slowed our roll  
cuz neither one of us  
is in control  
of our emotions  
oh yes  
our motions  
in bed we create  
all kinds of explosions  
got sparks flyin  
amidst all the moans and sighin  
um  
yeah  
Daddy,  
give it to me  
but whe we sittin face to face  
we can't even speak  
makes me wonder  
how this all began  
i'm not your girl  
you not mah man  
or even mah friend  
just two lovers mesmerized by one another's sex appeal  
Ooh... the way you make me feel  
had mah mind driftin  
into a whole mother world  
which stopped the morning  
when i awoke to hurl  
took the test and  
gulped hard  
at the positive report  
thinking to myself  
ain't no way imma abort  
while you tellin me  
ain't no way  
you'll support

The more you fuss at me,  
the more i eat

the more my belly  
overshadows mah feet  
talkin bout shit that's way too late  
the 10th is the baby's due date  
how can you run away from something you create?  
It's not mah fault  
cuz it's ours  
we shoulda stopped and paused  
before pulling off our draws  
huff huff breath  
Don't you dare leave  
you wasn't actin queasy  
when you was in me  
sayin 'give it to me'  
like Rick to Teena Marie...

**Toiya Ward**

## UnBorn

Am I prepared?  
Little one soon to come  
Am I  
No money, but I have time  
What is time?  
With no money  
I have Love  
If the world ran on love  
Man! We would all be rich  
Rich enough for all the bastard kids being had  
I care for my child in my belly  
I really don't have much else to care for  
Nevertheless, I have nothing to give  
Is love enough?  
Will you not feel that I let you down?  
Like I owe you something  
But maybe you're going to think I do  
Is it wrong to think that I don't?

**Chantal May**



# A

lone

She dances to the sound of music alone  
No one here to guide her steps  
She shares her memories alone  
No one to reminisce with  
She watches a scary movie alone  
No one to clutch and hold tight on  
She sits alone  
No one to gaze into her deep brown eyes  
Wishing and wanting all  
She dresses herself up alone  
No one to look beautiful for  
She cries alone  
No one to share a hug or a thought  
Or feeling with  
And she loves alone  
Not knowing if he is out there  
Loving her too  
Thinking, remembering  
Crying and gazing at the same stars  
She gazes at  
When she is alone at night  
Thinking, remembering  
Crying  
Wondering  
Why he never came back

Zahra Huber

# T

hirsty

Going home  
But it is not my home anymore  
Fleeting away of youth's nectar  
I yearn for its sweet juice  
Yet I want to leave its terrain dry and barren  
At the same time  
Paradox

Emily Dawn Williams



*View*  
Alana Ruptak

## Passage to Peace

This is a letter to my son,  
Before he has to go through life's grief,  
I want to give him a message,  
"There's no easy passage to peace."

There are plenty of smiles,  
and laughter too,  
But, there's still so much,  
That you'll have to go through.

There will be anguish,  
And hatred towards you.

And you will be lost,  
If you don't have God's eyes guiding you.

There will be many wrongs,  
In a world of few of rights.  
There'll be many tears,  
As you continue to fight.

Eventhough you're blessed,  
Your struggles may never seem to cease,  
No my son,  
There's no easy passage to peace.

All I can tell you is to pray,  
As your angels watch over you.  
They'll see you through to the end..  
Just as God told them to do.

So my son,  
Although you are not here yet,  
These are the things,  
That you musn't forget.

Make it to the heavens,  
Past all the stars in the sky.  
Make it to Jesus,  
Whose arms are open so wide.

There'll be many twists and turns,  
In your world alone,  
But, still my son, never stray.  
Never should you roam.

It's not going to be easy,  
As you munch on life's feast.  
But you have to do it.  
There's no easy passage to peace.

In the end, we'll all be waiting.  
Your worries, will be at their least.  
As you make it down that passage,  
And finally find peace!

**Banae Vickers**



# Sleeping Star

The deep blue water was a mirror to Aurora's bright twinkling diamond necklace, which could be seen spread across the night sky directly above. Everywhere the light hit, it transformed the ordinary into the supernatural. Even the plain, skillfully manicured grass covered with early morning dew sparkled and shimmered, as the azure heavens shifted above them. It was as if the sky above and the earth beneath were sharing a secret and twinkling smiles, knowing that the humans could never crack their code.

Inside the specially built two story home in Remsenburg, New York lay a luminous Star, whose present existence hung somewhere between the heavens and the earth, but not directly in one and not completely in the other. Star came home from a party where everyone smoked something illegal but she did not. As the vapors clung to her brain she began to dream. Splendor had kissed her on each honey colored cheek, and enveloped her newly self proclaimed "sensitive skin" in nothing but the best. There she lay on a bed fit for royalty, her long stylishly cut hair spread across the pillow and white shimmery satin pajamas and sheets massaged her while she slept.

Within the moonlit room, the eye could see and feel the plush pink carpet bathed in light, giving the room an enchanted atmosphere. The huge closet filled with names such as Tommy, Polo, DKNY, and many others soothed the owner's fetish. The designer fragrances, specially made jewelry and picture covered message board had their special place in her never quick to be satisfied heart.

A noise from outside the bedroom startled its inhabitant and she opened her eyes, and seeing no one and none of her things out of place she began to think pleasant thoughts about stealing Freddie Prinze Jr. from that Buffy what's her name. As she thought about him, and how he looked in his last movie, she saw a small figure enter the room and cross the floor. It was a four-year-old child, wearing a pink flannel blanket sleeper and she held a dirty yellow rabbit in one hand. The rabbit seemed to be on the verge of

unstuffing itself, from either too many trips to the washing machine or too much internal investigation from its holder.

The pig tailed child stood in the middle of the room and looked directly at Star. Star seemed disconcerted at seeing this familiar looking child, but curiously went on to ask her what she wanted. The child said, "I can't sleep, will you tell me a story?" Star was taken aback, and said slowly and cautiously, "Sure kid, which story do you want to hear?" "You know, my favowite, *Sleeping Beauty*?" "Okay," Star replied curiously and motioned for the child to come sit close to her on the bed. As soon as she began to tell Aurora's tale, the thumb sucking child drifted off to sleep and began breathing heavily. She then lifted the child off of her bed and began to take her to her own room.

As Star left her own room, the house began to change with her every step. Star left her posh portion of the state and entered one that she had not seen in years. After seeming to walk forever holding the child she finally stood outside of the child's room, where within another slightly older child lay sleeping. She kissed the youngest knowingly on the head, and placed her on the vacant twin sized bed, which was smooshed near her older sister's, causing the beds to appear as one. Looking at the occupied bed Star said, "Angel will keep you safe." Star then surveyed the room and her eyes became hot and blurry.

The room was cold. Rats scampered across the bare wooden floor and splinters pointed in every direction. Wherever there was moisture it was there that the roaches were quick to drink it up. The radiator, near the closed but drafty windows, sputtered and clanged, as it struggled to heat the room. Directly above the white peeling ceiling, the play of intruding squirrels could be heard as they skipped back and forth in the tiny attic.

Then Star saw him, a man who slipped in a window begin to creep carefully up the creaking stairs. He stood in the dirty clothes-stuffed hall and took in the noises of the night. He listened to the



familiar breathing and went into the room of the children. As he approached the smallest, the child turned and opened her eyes, but did not awaken. He was taken aback, but continued toward the child and was attacked by a cat-sized rat that smelled food on him. He let out a cry and was knocked unconscious by the mother, who bore a useless carpet sweeper. The mother had pretended to be asleep and waited for him to return after his failed the attempt with the oldest.

This was not an uncommon visit. The crack addicted men in the lower middle class neighborhood of Queens observed the little family and knew that her husband was gone during the night because of work and school, and that only she was there with their two small girls. These men figured that they could steal some cash, hock some valuables to feed their own addictions. However, one of the men just liked little girls in a non-patriarchal way. They would get together and decide whose house to break in and on which nights. This was the Hartleis family's lucky night.

Both parents, Peaches and Devlyn, were determined that their little family would have a better life one day. Devlyn nearly sold his soul to achieve this. Peaches just hoped that they could make it until then. She prayed and didn't ask too many questions. She often read them stories by heart and added a beautiful diamond necklace to her *Sleeping Beauty* tale. The same kind of necklace Devlyn promised to get for her when they could afford it. To comfort herself she would kiss the children and tell them that they were the best, better than anyone because of where they came from, and how they survived.

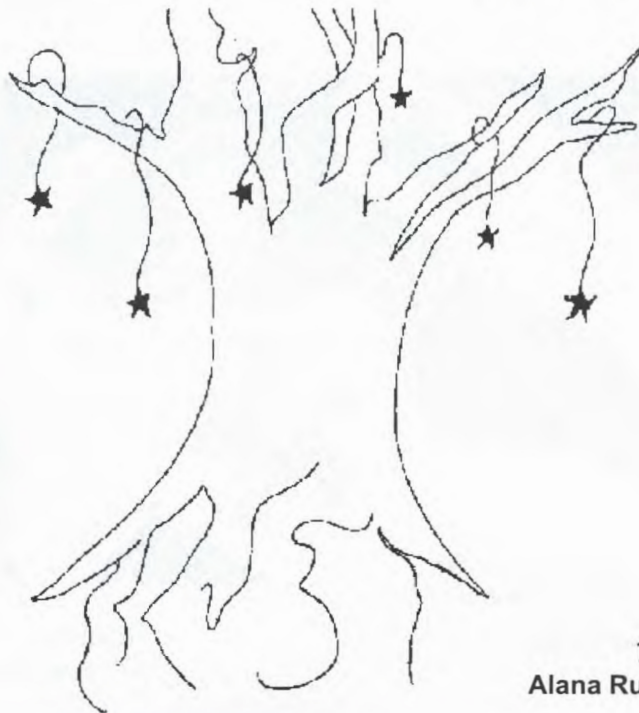
From the moment that they left the tiny house of many nonhuman inhabitants and arrived into the "Papa made wealth," that it would take them a lifetime to enjoy, all stayed practical, but Star ascended. In an ongoing quest to forget the past, only having the best of everything could help her forget and her parents encouraged her. Seeing the poor only made her agitated. She did not pity



them and could not pity them. her only contact with the world that she once knew was somewhere between the heavens and the earth, following her as she walked out of the low income section of Queens back to her room again, and seeing everything unmolested, her spirit settled. She walked past her full length mirror and reached out to touch her image.

Then there was a loud noise. She sprang up in her bed. The alarm clock had gone off. It was morning. She looked out of the sheer curtained window to see that Aurora and her diamond necklace were gone. Everything was bright and new. Her visions of a past Star lingered in her mind, as she looked at the remains of the little yellow rabbit on her dresser. As she fully woke up and shook off the night, she began to think of how she could trick her father into buying her the candy red BMW that she wanted, while the earth and the morning sky became witnesses.

**Satasha Williams**



*Trust*  
**Alana Ruptak**

# Midnight

The clock strikes midnight  
All is quiet  
Except for the cool wind  
Rustling the leaves  
Blowing the dry branches  
Back and forth  
Back and forth  
In such a rhythmic motion  
So peaceful and soothing  
To the bleeding heart  
The streets are bright tonight  
From the man-made street lights  
Nothing is real anymore  
Except for the few stars  
Shining softly  
In the blue-black sky  
And the white cloud  
Shaped like a beautiful white horse  
With giant wings  
Floating away on air

Zahra Huber



*Selecting (Detail)*  
Katrina Rhein

# Eyes Wide Shut

I wear my pain like a thin veil of dirt...  
Concealed until the person comes with that white  
glov...revealing my  
concealed locality  
Altering my representation of the real McCoy  
Finding that I am only the imitation and not a real boy like  
Pinochio  
Finding that truth that I don't want them to know  
Searching for true happiness but never coming close  
Realizing that I am restrained by my own anxiety, insecurities,  
and deceit  
Lying to myself constantly  
Eyes wide open  
But closed to reality

**Javon Williams**

## 2

His eyes still pierce right through me  
With the piercing nose that the expression rolls off of  
The Italian tan  
And the chiseled but upset gaze of the cheeks and chin

He's the only one with the look, had it stayed the same,  
That could've penetrated me.  
I find mass discomfort in it  
As much if he were sent from the underbelly of all  
Consciousness to betray me, and take my insides from  
What they're supposed to be

Why do I still give him power over me  
To control my thoughts, ideas and emotions  
I feel like he is the antithesis of life  
Like an animal hunting its prey

I can only "love" the one in the past  
As I turn my head from the one in the future  
For if I were to meet him again, the cause would probably  
Be justified, and the little hope I had would be abandoned

**Julie Capinera**



# You

I love the day that you came before me,  
The day that you and I came to be.

The love we shared is rare,  
No other love can compare.

The joy I feel when I am with you,  
Lets me know you love is true.

If we should part I do not know what I would do,  
Cause your presence is important in all that I do.

We are now bonded as one,  
The messing around is done.

The day you came into my life there was a change,  
Now, I don't feel any pain.

My happiness is evident when you are near,  
Cause when I am with you I have no fear.

My heart beats strong with passion when I think of you.

Your sweet face,  
Your warm embrace.

Your philosophy on life and the things that you do,  
Show me more and more each day why I love you.

Your sexy voice is so smooth,  
Send chills up and down my spine when I hear from you.

I Thank God for finding you,  
I Thank God for you and me.

Everytime I talk to you I stop and smile cause it is you.

I am happy when you are near,  
Because you are so very dear.

I hope our love will never end,  
But if it does...

Will We Still Be Friends?

**Ayannah Hudson**



*Untitled*  
Heidi Hughes

# Mirror

I needed a best friend  
Someone on whom I could depend

I had so many secrets to tell  
So many tears to cry  
I had so many jokes to share  
A well of laughter smiles and cheers

I needed a best friend  
Someone who knew me  
And accepted what they saw  
Not to jump in fright  
Or gape with an open jaw

A friend to listen to my problems  
Share in my dreams  
Help me reach for the stars  
Or grab on to a couple of moonbeams

A friend who would not interrupt  
But would listen to what I had to say  
Hear me from beginning to end  
And never run away

I searched high  
And I searched low  
For this special person  
Who would star in my show

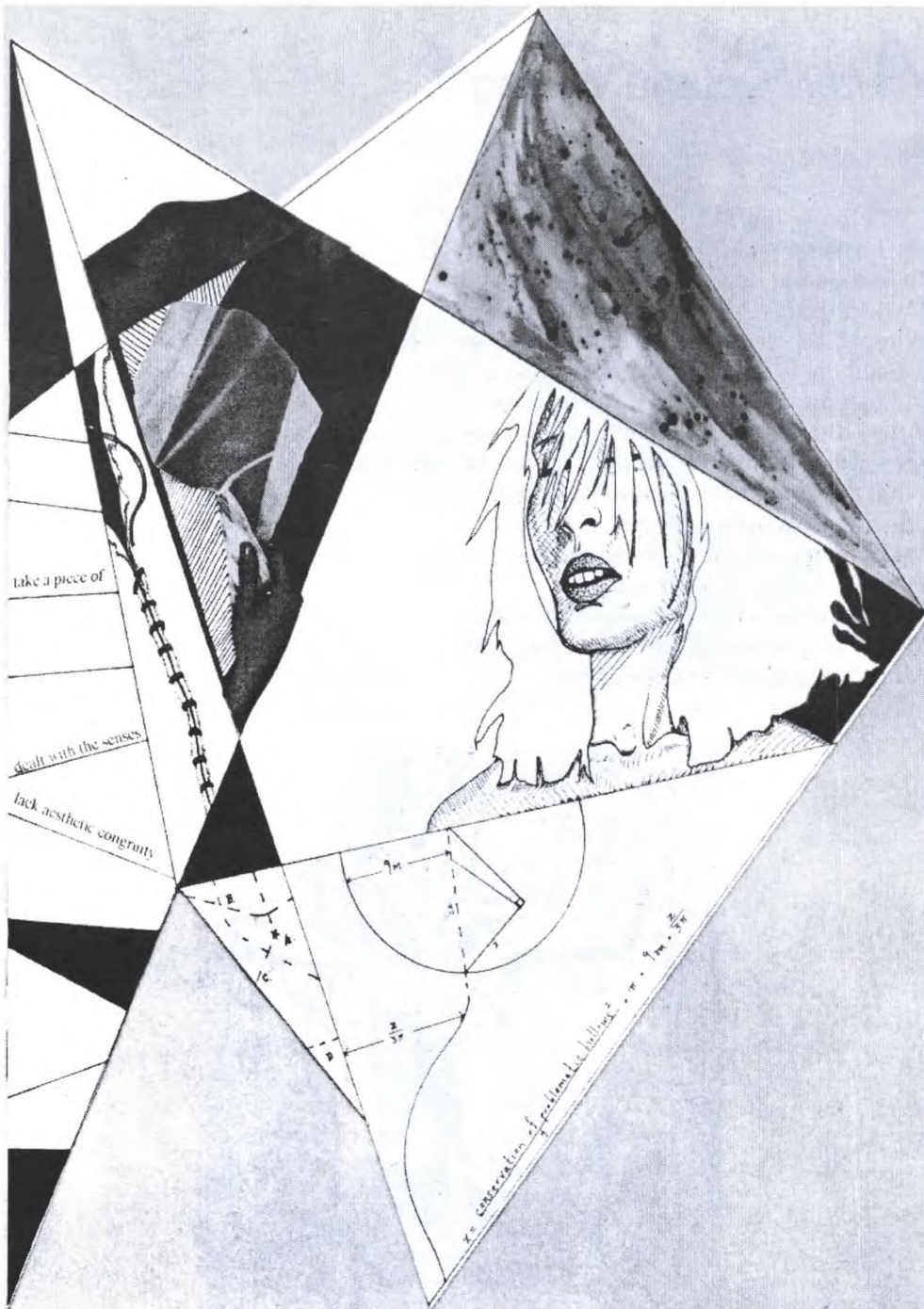
I asked a wise lady where could I find  
A person who was all these yet very unique  
She raised her hand  
And pointed down the street

I ran in the direction pointed  
To meet the friend that I had hunted  
To hold her tight in a warm embrace  
While glancing upon her wonderful face

The friend that I found was not what I expected  
Much to my surprise  
When I got to the end of the street to look  
I was staring in my own eyes

**Kerry-Ann Whilby**





*The Conservation of Problematic Hollows*  
Anne Houle

## After "Coterie Writing"

*Dear Lady Arabella:*

I am writing this letter out of fright.  
My husband will surely be shocked that night  
To bed should be saved for the time I wed.  
My Lily broken, given to love as a token.  
Why would love not prosper and grant me eternity?  
Instead the events played out in misery.  
My parents do not know the case to be.  
If they did, they would surely murder me.  
My parents planned a marriage for health and wealth.  
What a shame I have bestowed on myself.  
I do not want to be with that old man.  
I ask you for advice, please if you can.  
There is no idea of what to do,  
But long to be with my love that is true.  
My life is now dark, black and full of fear.  
All I want is to shed tear after tear.



*Night*  
Chenelle  
Da Silva





**Woman  
Chenelle  
Da Silva**

*To My Dear and Sorrowful Friend:*

Heartache and fear will never bend.  
To your pain and sorrow I relate.  
I experienced it not of late.  
At one point his wealth and stature were just fine.  
But every night I try to decline  
His lustful advances in my bed  
Because charming Philipe is in my head.  
The feelings I have when I see his face  
If expressed my family would disgrace.  
Truest love comes from deep within  
Choose your man wisely and you will win.  
Flee the suppressed life you live.  
Go find the man that you can give  
Your hopes and dreams and love for life.  
Search for him and become his wife.

**Students of ENG 234:  
The Restoration and 18th Century English Literature Class**



# Now

He beat her,  
And he beat her  
Yes, he beat her one more time today  
And I could've  
Maybe I should've  
And I would've  
Stepped in just one more time today  
But I was scared.  
See the last time I stepped in  
I vaguely remember a bat swingin into my head  
And you know I woke up in a hospital bed.  
So,  
I watched  
him beat her  
As he  
so  
often beat her  
yes, he beat her one more time today  
And something different must've happened  
**This time**  
'Cause her eyes stayed open just a little  
Too long between the blink  
And I remember thinking  
*'Her eyes must burn  
Staying open that long between a blink  
Not adjusting its view,  
And that burn must cause a pain  
Which should cause tears to fall from her eyes'*  
But none felt this time.  
So,  
now I know I **could've**  
And I definitely **should've**  
And I surely I **would've**  
Stepped in just one more time today  
If she'd **blinked**.

Jenell Wilkie

## Good-Bye

I guess this is where  
We say good-bye  
Not that we've  
Said much along the way  
Not that you've made any effort to say anything  
But, here we stand  
Saying good-bye  
This is where  
We part our ways  
Not that we've  
Traveled together before  
Not that my journey  
Will be any more lonely  
But this is where  
We take our separate paths  
So, this is it I guess  
This is the final so long  
Not that I can say  
"it was nice knowing you"  
not that I can say  
"i wish it didn't have to end"  
but here I am, looking at you  
lying there as I say, "good-bye"


Tiara Simmons

## Always

in the whole cosmic scheme  
the world, continues to turn  
and the stars continue to rise  
when the sun goes down

even though...

and I speak a thousand words  
to ears of haunting ghosts  
that stand like thick, martyred brick walls  
by my side in surrealistic hours of yesterday  
(existing only in my head)  
you exist



and inevitable stars continue to shine. always.  
on dark faces and dimmed dreams  
illuminated for mere moments  
that chains their memories to my heart  
and weigh me down  
to drown in the abyss of the past.

**Alana Ruptak**

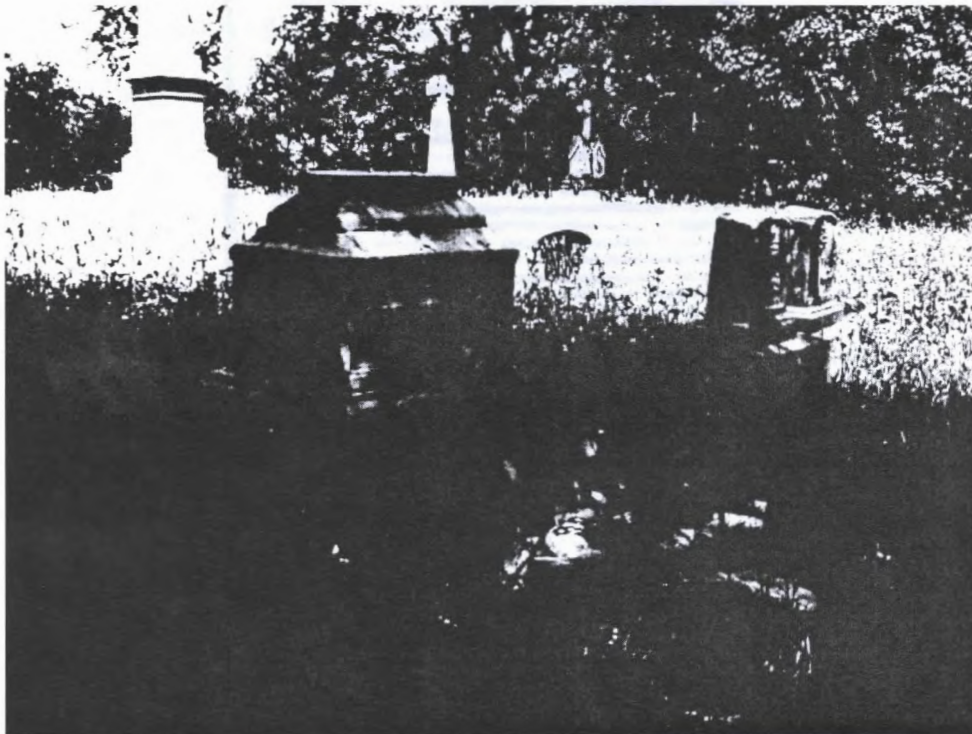
## Death

Death  
sudden, swift  
you always come knocking before we're ready. your visit is quick.  
your mysterious handiwork-shocking. permanent. we stare into  
space. try to  
make sense out of not being. death. no respecter of persons. the  
hinderer  
of goodbye's. nice people like you and i. long lived, too young.  
prime time,  
no time, any time. sweet young things, crusty old farts. you are  
the  
ultimate equal opportunity.  
where are they now? where are they now? pulsing veins, flowing  
blood,  
warm flesh. where are they now? where are they now? moist lips,  
arms that hold, hands that  
caress. where are they now? comforting words, listening ears,  
shoulders  
broad enough for even my problems. limbs that twist and turn  
and bend,  
hands that serve, feet that walk, heads that nod. where are they  
now?  
nostril, eyelashes, laughing lines. frozen in the unexpectation of  
meeting  
you.  
death. you come. we go. weeping with each new parting. our  
heads hurt.  
our hearts ache again and again. you come. it is still a surprise.  
grabbing,



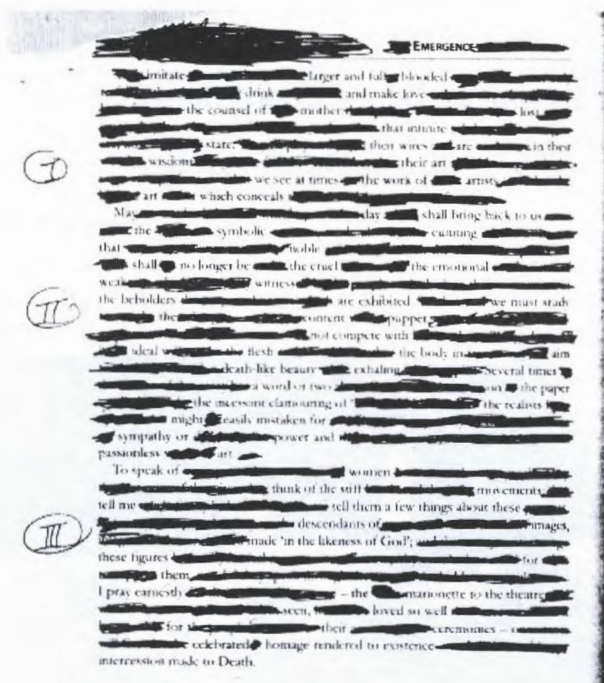
clutching moments of last togetherness. treasures of moments.  
being  
moments. timeless moments. pastimes, laughing, speaking,  
remembering  
everything. where are they now? a useful life. a needed life.  
make friends  
with life. make enemies with life. death perhaps it'll come  
peacefully as  
you sleep. or perhaps it'll come with you awake as i weep.

**Tiara Simmons**



*Untitled*  
**Sarah Nash**

# Appropriation 39: Emergence



**Emergence (Figure 1)**

I

imitate larger and full blooded  
drink and make love

the counsel of mother lost:  
that infinite

stare

their wires are in their wisdom, their art

we see at times  
the work of artists  
art which conceals

## II

Mayday shall bring back to us  
the symbolic cunning:  
that noble shall no longer be the cruel.

The emotional weak witness:  
the beholders are exhibited.  
We must study the content puppet,  
not compete with ideal flesh,  
the body in death-like beauty  
exhaling several times.

A word or two on the paper,  
the incessant clamouring of the realists.  
Might easily mistaken for  
sympathy and power and passionless art.

## III

To speak of women  
    think of the still movements  
tell me  
tell them  
    a few things about these  
descendants of images  
made 'in the likeness of God'

these figures: for them  
    I pray earnestly  
the marionette to the theatre  
seen, loved so well  
  
for their ceremonies celebrated homage  
rendered to existence  
    intercession made to Death.

Anne Houle



## [Cold]

Cold:  
Oh its all been said before, and  
better.  
Life races by-  
Pain is inevitable-  
We live, We breathe  
We die.  
Is it to be feared?  
Is it to be embraced?  
Time passes-  
Everything changes-  
Love is born and passes away  
It disappears, is swallowed  
and disappears.  
The touch, a tender sweep,  
swinging softly as  
The pendulum-must sometime be still.

Faith Racette



*Droplets*  
Margarita Ganeva

## End

I place my head on your chest,  
Hoping to hear your heartbeat.  
Open your eyes! Open your eyes,  
I said!  
I will twiddle my nose against  
Yours the way you like.  
I will call you the silly names  
We used to call each other.  
Why are you not responding?  
I cry.  
I touch your skin and wonder if  
You can feel me  
I study your face and think of  
How upset you would be about the  
Bad make-up that was put  
On your face.  
I will put some music on for you.  
Will you get up and dance with me?  
Get up! Please get up!  
You are hurting me!  
Please come back to me!  
I cry.  
Thank you for being in my life.  
I am sorry for all of the bad things  
I have done to you  
I love you so much  
Goodbye

Cynthia L. Demosthene

## Dream

If all the love in the world could bring us back together I would  
from every being on the planet and above and intertwine our  
souls for all eternity. I would build a garden for you and I to run  
through, get lost in our own world-no one else around—just me  
and you—until we awake.

Stacey Fatigate



## Renaissance of Self

Submerged  
In  
Holy water  
Raise the baby up  
Cleanse her of all sin  
Imbue her with divine spirit and goodness  
Does beauty exist in her storm?  
Beautiful storm of sorrow  
Let the storm die down  
The sun's rays are itching to  
Radiate  
Out  
Come sun  
Come season of rebirth  
Renaissance of self  
Cling not to the womb  
Cling not to the tree for too long  
Sustain connection cut off  
You cannot be physically reborn  
Ever again  
But deep, searching soul chosen one among others  
You have the power  
To birth yourself  
Again

Emily Dawn Williams





**Eyes Are...**  
**Heather Fontaine**

## Petty Discord: Sophisticated Girls Arguing


Her exterior always denoted the cool character she liked to portray. I was not fooled. I knew underneath that demure facade there was a seething beast boiling with fury. And I knew this time she would not be able to conceal her true nature. Her reserved demeanor was quickly disappearing right before my eyes. I could not understand where this anger came from. We were simply discussing the innocuous topic of capital punishment. As she spoke, redness crept into her cheeks revealing the wrath she was choking on as she struggled to speak with the last shred of politeness she had in her.

"Yes, go on."

Michele's calm voice responded, "I agree with you that capital punishment is not effective but the solution does not lie in abolishing it completely. I am proposing a slight alteration." She spoke with the authority and sense of an ancient philosopher, and her voice was as soft and sweet as an innocent child's. But her articulation wasn't enough to calm the irrational temper of our companion.

"Michele, you are talking about cruel and unusual punishment!" Kate practically yelled in exasperation. The bulging purple veins in her neck made a pop-up map of her head where the color of her shaking cheeks was changing from devil red to pasty blue. She looked to her seasoned companion with piercing brown eyes. My own eyes were filled with bewilderment toward my friend. I just don't know why she was so irate.

Michele just smiled maintaining her perfect composure and explained, "I am disappointed in you Kate. A student of your scholarly achievement should be knowledgeable of the ancient cultures. If you were familiar with the Romans, from whom modern civilization and government has sprouted, you would recognize that this is not a new idea. Not only is it a long appreciated tradition



but it would solve many of the prison problems faced by society today. For one, it would cut down on prison population, and therefore cut the taxes for legitimate U.S. citizens. And I believe it would cut down on crime in general; for it would provoke fear in the hearts of criminals. However, due to the fact that it is not 'PC' to use the word 'punishment' anymore, we would have to make a game out of it." Her voice was consistent and even soothing as she continued.

"We will call it Musical Cells, a very basic theme, needing no explanation for the inmates. Every night at lock down, as the delinquents file to their cells, one randomly selected convict will find his cell locked. This villain counting himself especially lucky will most likely be basking in his supposed freedom while the other offenders are being safely tucked away in their open cells. I can picture it all happening now- his contemptuous laughter toward his fellow inmates is cut short by what sounds like God himself ordering 'LIGHTS OUT!'

"Darkness surrounds the unsuspecting felon as the silence is broken by the turning of a lock. Then, the block door flies open and three or four specially untrained wild dogs are released into the main hallway. It is difficult to hear the re-locking of the door over the chilling screams- It would not take long. The clean up would be the time consuming element."

Kate's chest heaved as one of the wild dog's might. "You are talking about cold blooded murder! What kind of rehabilitation is that?" She could barely get the words out of her mouth. I couldn't help but laugh. Could she not see the simplicity and logic behind the game?

As usual, the voice of reason knew just how to respond. "No," Michele affirmed. "It would be used only on those who are beyond all hope of elevating themselves from the disgusting mire of



crime and sin in which they live. Therefore this game would be limited to murders, rapists, communists, and the ever obnoxious telemarketers."

At hearing this, Kate's composure began to return. The veins in her neck subsided and the blueness dissipated as she cocked her head to the side and said with a ruffled brow, "It is really annoying to get calls from those telemarketers."

Michele smiled and agreed speaking matter-of-factly, "Yes it is annoying, like when you go to the beach and you find sand everywhere- in your shoes, your bellybutton, your ears, even in your underwear."

"You're right, I have experienced that too," I said. "And that is why I go to the swimming pool instead of those dirty beaches."

**Meghan Toomey**

## What if Valentine's Day Was Brown?

Can brown be romantic?  
My heart summons me to the brown color  
As I pass by the brown leaves, bushes and grass  
Whose love seems to have died  
but not ours  
Our love is like the winter brown trees  
growing, reaching up to God  
Our love is also like the rust  
unremovable  
Our love resembles the prickly burrs  
no one can touch us  
You come to the door  
Your eyes are liquid deep brown pools  
that I long to dive into  
and forget time

**Satasha Williams**



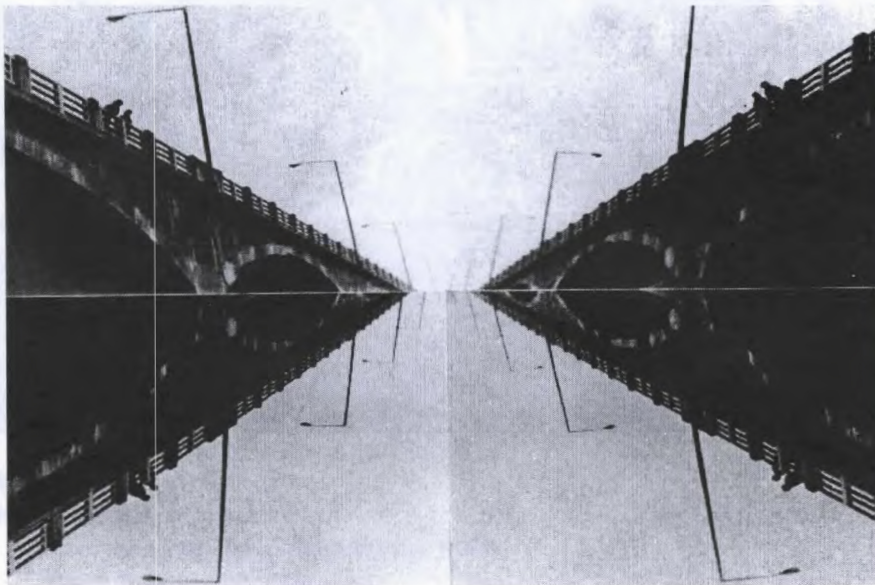
*Rickshaw*  
Amrita Chandra



## [Love, you'll find]

Love, you'll find  
comes with peace of mind  
and lots of happiness to share  
when faced with any obstacle  
Love will be right there  
within and without  
there's no doubt  
the feeling is beyond compare  
I know  
because when I look into his eyes  
I feel like I'm being consoled  
there's definitely nothing to hide  
there I am bare bodied, naked to my soul  
and he sees me for what I am  
and not what he wants me to be  
he appreciates who I am  
Love love's me for me

**Alisha Mills**



**Bridges**  
**Heidi Hughes**



## Roy G. Biv

I dream in color  
Images of motionless people develop  
View changes to panoramic  
There I go  
In black and white  
Dancing circles around statues  
An outcast  
Who longs to be seen with Roy G. Biv

Erica D. Pitts

## Eternity

Oh bright, bright stars that from the heaven hang  
May one question be asked: To where does my true love lie  
That for so long I have been deprived  
Of warmth and love that so much my heart desires?

Did it happen that fate drew the curtains down  
And hid our eyes from seeing one another  
That it's like walking in a midnight darkness  
Feeling cold, scared, empty, and alone.

Oh, how many lifetimes I have been alone  
For eons, wondering like a vagabond with no end  
In search, in hope of the one my heart is tied to  
Not knowing which end is which for it has grown so long.

In burning hope, we are not like the sun and the moon  
Whose fate has torn them apart for all eternity  
One rising dawn—one rising at dusk forever apart.  
Oh, how my heart screams for longing that it is not so.

But echo...echo is all that I have heard in each life...

Samneang Sin

# Thinking of You

As I sit here alone, with so much to do,  
I slowly begin to think of only you.

As I sit here alone, staring at the sky,  
I begin slowly to miss the warmth of your eyes.

As I sit here alone with my arms totally bare,  
I can't help but to wish that you were still here.

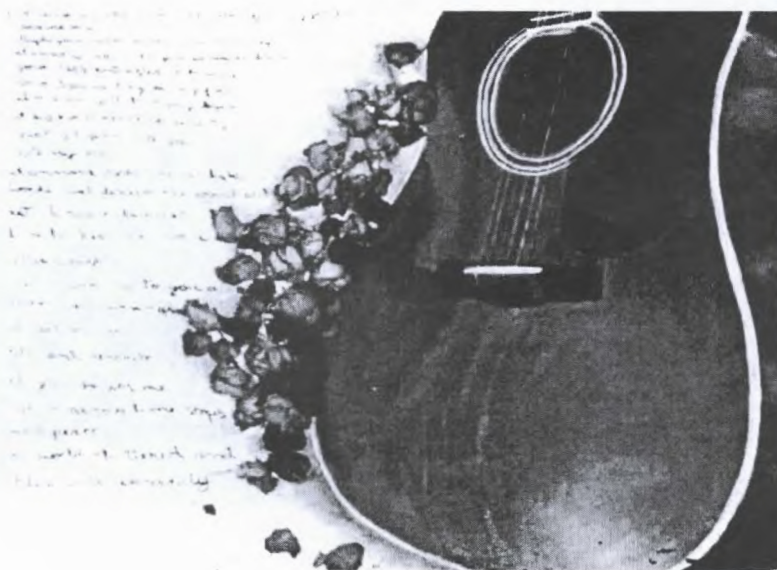
Still here...to kiss me, and to hold me and to tell me it's all right.  
Still here to need me and to want me and to love me all night.

Still here to look at my entirety, and give my heart a home.  
Still here to sit with me, so I wouldn't be alone.

But you're not here with me, and I'm all by myself.  
Sitting with my thoughts, my thoughts and nothing else.

So I sit here alone, with so much to do,  
but I cannot help to be thinking of you.

**Banae Vickers**



***Sounds Like Love***  
**Priscilla Ventura**

# R

andom Thoughts...

# M

y Kinda Love

I wanna fall in love

Not just any love

But

That kinda love that

Brothas sing about on street corners

The kinda love

That keeps you up

At night

That spinning out of control

Dizzying, head over heels

Kinda love

I wanna fall in a love

That

Sends me bumping into walls

And

Tripping on cracks in the sidewalk

A love that makes me

Feel cool

On a hundred degree subway ride

You know the one that has you

Daydreaming sweetly

Of

White weddings and champagne glasses

Clicking harmoniously

The love that makes your heart

Beat faster than a

Jehovah Witness' knock

The kinda love that makes you

Weep and smile at the same

Time

Toe curling

Spine bending

Love

Eternal love

My kinda love

Kadiatu Conteh



## To Lady Adultina

At dinner I laugh and smile,  
Hating my husband all the while.  
Marriage I imagined would be bliss  
Over time I find it's love I miss.  
As beautiful as children may be,  
After one or two you'll never be free!

Position and wealth are all good and well,  
And yes, it's true, you may go to Hell  
If you abandon your family and take up a life  
Where love and affection make you true man and wife.  
But measure against your life with a man  
Who watches TV and drinks beer all he can  
Who sits on his ass watching football and porn  
It'll make you wish you'd never been born!

Take as you will, follow your heart.  
I'm certain this passion will just be the start.  
Marital bliss is not a matter of chance.  
You knew what to do at the very first glance.  
When you beheld your lover, your heart did soar,  
It was clear you would cherish him forever more.

**Students of ENG 234:  
The Restoration and 18th Century English Literature Class**



*Behind the Scene*  
**Emily Dawn Williams**

## [The kiss that I have implanted]

The kiss that I have implanted on your lips defines much more  
than you would think  
The existence of life resonating from my breath allows you to  
consume the very  
Essence of my being  
I asked for deliverance  
I have asked for tenderness  
Sweet caresses in my crevice  
Extending from the virtual lips of your desire  
This darkness must succumb to the light that I have within my  
being  
There is tranquility when thinking of death  
There is also peace when thinking of love  
You, the single thought of each moment my privacy releases  
itself from your  
Totality  
Women deriving of man, both given the gift of life through the  
womb of this bitter yet  
So sweet earth  
Stillness being observed through my eyes;  
The embodiment of a lifeless beauty awaiting her resurrection  
To feel as if she were whole once again  
Otherwise she will remain as an empty vessel to fulfill nature's  
satisfaction of sexuality  
Without love, there might as well be death  
Without happiness there is no time for hope  
Only the frozen statues of greenery reaching from the ground  
into the arms of heaven;  
Yelling for redemption  
Crying for a feeling to return that is now gone

Estela Garcia

## December Repression

friday 4 a.m.  
her body peers slightly  
out of used skin  
alcohol rests on bar top  
a different kind of place  
here

i remember the coke  
and the addiction to  
her  
laughter taking over  
the black leather couch  
las drogas estan aqui  
the key to living  
out of  
something  
sub-conscious  
sleeping until 12  
and then going backwards  
to childhood and old  
boyfriends  
she asked me about my  
lesbianism with content  
yo dige que no estan aqui  
she came to me at  
5 a.m. shattered and  
fragile  
trying o pick up the pieces  
tears rolled slightly off  
blue lips  
encompass darkness  
she is re-counting her words  
faith is peace  
las drogas estan aqui  
friday 4 a.m.  
her body peers slightly  
from old memories and  
tired workers  
intelligence proceeds  
a âœstraightnessâ??  
passion kisses  
with a full deck of queens  
she is beautiful  
on the inside  
out  
in  
out  
in



in to her  
you have to be in  
to  
her  
to her a different kind  
of place  
here  
I still remember  
I still remember  
the coke  
I still remember  
the  
addiction  
her

Diana Wilkins

## Perfect

Come stay with me  
Where the sun and moon are one  
And the sky is a lavender-pink  
Where fruits are plentiful  
And hunger is an unknown word  
Come stay with me my love  
Where noise cannot be heard  
And fear cannot be felt  
Where bitterness cannot be tasted  
And evil does not exist  
Come stay with me my love  
Where the trees are orange-red  
And the air is always like a cool breeze on a hot summer day  
Where the grass is green and smells like it's just been mowed  
And the streets are covered with white  
Where the floor is like the standing in a cool ocean  
And there is so much love around  
You can reach out and catch some  
And it feels like a soft kiss from a lover  
Come stay with me  
Where the purple mountains stand high above the ground

And the tips are colored with white  
Where the white puffed clouds move quickly against  
the lavender-pink sky  
And our souls reach out to understand  
Where riches are everywhere  
And everything is sweet  
Where everyday is like a day at the beach  
Watching the sun bow down and touch the blue water  
Looking into each other's eyes  
And reading our feelings  
Where words are always soft music to our ears  
Where the streets are full of jasmine  
And the smell fills the air  
Come stay with me  
Where worries are unheard of  
And there is no sickness  
Where tears only form through happiness  
Because there is no such thing as pain  
And every step we take is as exhilarating as a new dance step  
Where everyday is like a dance  
And all we need is each other  
Sitting near a fire place with hot chocolate  
On a winter day  
Come stay with me my love  
Where lips are rosy red  
And cheeks are blushed  
Where skin is flawless  
And everyone's eyes have a meaning behind them  
And there is a sparkle of happiness in them  
Want a rose?  
Imagine it  
And open your hand  
With every breath  
You take in good and love and happiness  
Wishes come true  
Laughs heard from those around us  
Smiles on faces  
Come stay with me  
Where everything is the way we want it to be-  
Perfect

**Zahra Huber**

# My First Night with You

God I was so scared. I felt you in my arms and knew you would be mine forever.  
God I love you, from the first I saw you in my mind I knew that I loved you and that I always would. We lay on the bed, me on my back and you on your stomach and watched each other. As I looked into your beautiful brown eyes I saw a face that I had loved for 6 long beautiful, tiresome, awesome, wonderful, happy years. You complete me, for years I wanted you. I would think about you and talk to you. You were my constant companion, my true love. That little piece of my heart that I thought was missing was your heart, that corner of my soul that I thought I lost is what started yours. I vowed when I was young that if God blessed me with you I would treat you properly. I would love you and cherish you. I would be there for you through good and bad. I would love and respect you. Always. I would be your best friend, your confident. The one that you could turn to no matter what. Me there for you and you there for me. Forever. I love you. I love the person you are and the person you will grow to become. I love the smile you have, that special laugh that you save only for me. The way you look just to see if I'm near. I ease your fears and wipe away your tears. You are my living fantasy, my reality. I need you and I know I always will. You complete me in every way. I'm no longer lonely and afraid. I no longer fear you and what can become of you. Everything before you is a distant memory of another life, I am entranced by you. I am kept captivated, spellbound by the "words"



that come out of your mouth. You talk only to me, you are mine  
and I am yours  
through the great beyond and past the last horizon. For lack of  
anything better  
to say I will repeat, I love you.

I remember my first night with you, me on my back and you on  
top of my chest.  
Your tiny feet curled up by your stomach. Heart beat to heart  
beat. Breath to  
breath, body to body. Soul to soul. Your father laying next to us,  
one hand  
holding mine and the other on you back. I remember the peace I  
felt with you, in  
that instant my life was complete Now you are grown with a  
baby of your own,  
feeling what I felt, knowing what I know. I watch you watch him  
as he sleeps in  
his crib. Your son, and you mine. I remember.

**Natara Hamilton**



***Directions***  
**Margarita Ganeva**

# Inspiration

That  
Thing  
You  
Said  
Last  
Time  
We  
Met  
Was  
A  
Thing  
To  
Be  
Said  
For  
All  
Time.  
So  
When  
I  
Heard  
This  
Thing  
It  
Was  
Such  
That  
It  
Made  
Me  
Want  
To  
Stand  
Up  
And  
Shine.

Jenell Wilke



*Fragile: Handle with Care*  
Alana Ruptak





*Song of Youth*  
Emily Dawn Williams





*Juxtaposed*  
Margarita Ganeva

## A Pleasant Walk

The sky seems between darkness and day  
I feel between being asleep and being awake  
I never felt so lonely in my college town  
It's far too early for people to be around  
I hear a sound that's not my own  
And turn to see a baby skunk going home.  
I hold that thought to keep a smile  
As I walk on the road's dotted line for a while.

Nicole Malone



*Twisted Grace (Part 1)*  
Margarita Ganeva

## River of Life

Rafting down the  
river of life  
taking all  
the bumps and turns  
I wonder why  
there is no middle  
that is calm  
and easy to navigate  
why is it  
that I have to cross over and


never hit the middle  
always on one side or another  
Life, river rafting,  
is hard  
and the want to stop is great  
but I  
I will never give in to this want so  
I'll continue rafting

**Debra Hedrick**



*Twisted Grace (Part 2)*  
**Margarita Ganeva**





## [4 years]

4 years  
1,460 days  
countless hours  
remembering seems  
like a puddle hit by a stone  
willowing to its edges  
springs bloomed  
winters frosted  
falls fell  
and the in between  
somehow fit jigsaw perfect  
hearts were on fire  
and wings allowed  
for constant flight  
sexuality didn't matter  
the personal acted  
as the eyes  
secrets unfolded  
truths were found  
friendships rose and fell  
the sun was time  
and the sky was a journal entry waiting  
memories made it alright  
hands came together  
across lectures, nyc and midnight coffee runs  
gay film, ani difranco and the real world  
re-captured us all  
old tire tracks of white jeeps and black paseos  
ripped out word files  
starbucks, red heads and Hudson street  
rest in open palms  
the forsaken  
the rewritten verse,  
tattoos, old radio curses and  
piercings leave marks  
kisses not made  
still exist  
while old tongues  
rely on wet ink  
3 pronged forks  
eating pancakes and  
grilled cheese

endless pots of coffee  
and many burns later  
damn my lips hurt  
spoken beats  
as sex  
as surveillance memory  
Miami and Alabama  
are 2 states that  
exist but only  
visited by lovers and pens  
shedded clothes  
on other's floors  
the music beats on  
fiction  
photographs  
and poets  
tied the rope tight  
held me  
kissed me  
raptured us all  
learning truth fell deep  
in references  
Virginia Woolf rests here now  
appreciation of beauty  
horizons and  
the Manor  
fold out  
hope is the deck  
while experience is  
dealt outward  
to close hands  
smiles, tears and crazy looks  
surrender to  
laughter and cries of river empty  
no, full  
you see these stories may differ  
but they all exist within each others verbs  
and each others nouns  
beating each other out  
to colored leaves  
and filling empty coffee mugs  
the taste is more than

one can handle  
grab on, take this  
take this in  
all of it  
remember it like I will  
remember, the love  
that lies deep  
within

**Diana Wilkins**



***Phoenix***  
**Paula Hughes**



# The Oral and the Written

I am silenced  
But when I speak  
My child  
Do you not hear?

Must I revisit the form in which you were  
Created?  
In speech you were conceived

I am silent  
Strong  
Do you not comprehend?  
Must I be ashamed?  
Too proud of the size  
Of

My thoughts  
How they were  
Delivered?  
Not fully guarded  
My child  
I spoke  
You were birthed

I am silent  
But  
My pen  
Now hear

We are heard

**Barbara Crespo**



*Khajura*  
Amarita Chandra